

Hunter



Gibson

"DETAIL", feature poem complete
in this issue, by W. Robert
Gibson.



January 1946

FICTION

ARTICLE

VERSE

DEPARTMENTS

Mail Box- the readers----- 6

COVER ILLUSTRATING "DETAIL" BY W. ROBERT
GIBSON.

— 九 —

LIGHT: A Light Publication, mimeographed by Leslie A. Croutch, Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada. Editor-in-Chief: Leslie A. Croutch; Art Staff: W. Robert Gibson.

— 五 —

LIGHT is an independent magazine, owing allegiance to no organization, amateur or otherwise. No responsibility accepted for remarks other than editorial appearing herein. Free to accepted mailing list. Subscription on invitation only. No advertising accepted.

— 六 —

(see next column)

AND IT CAME TO PASS by Leslie A. Croutch.
This is admittedly fan fiction at its
purest.

OF RAGS AND STUFF or Thoughts While Washing Windows, by Cpl. Milton Asteroid Rothman, is a laughable bit of commentary on the future days when space travel is common place.

[illegible]

REMEMBER "DREAM SHIP" by Leslie A. Croutch, which appeared in LIGHT for February 1943? Then watch for the sequel, "THE RETURN" to appear in these pages, S-O-C-N. There will appear in each issue of LIGHT during 1946 either a complete story, or a serial, by Leslie A. Croutch. Lined up are such fiction as "One Meat Ball", "Horby's Flying Pig", "The Return" and "The Bookworm". Also watch for F. Lee Baldwin's "The Man With Red Hair", which, your editor believes, is something different for fanzines.

[illegible]

THE EDITOR AND ART STAFF OF LIGHT WISH TO
TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF WISHING ALL ITS
READERS A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A
MOST PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR. THANK YOU FOR
YOUR SUPPORT IN THE PAST, AND MAY WE CON-
TINUE TO MERIT YOUR SUPPORT IN THE FUTURE

Regarding the Virginia Anderson bit on Nanek, her alter-ego: this was written in January of 1943, so you must make due allowance here for the passage of time. Nanek would be 24 or 25 now, and she and friend hubby are no longer two, but have been joined by the well-known little stranger. But then this is likely old stuff to the fan in the know.

Credit must be given to Walt Liebscher for the typed character § appearing in this issue. This was lifted from his sterling publication, Walts Wramblings, which is one of the better publications appearing in the Fanatasy Amateur Press mailings.

Those few who sent in advertisements will probably be disappointed not to see their copy run. No room, follows, and with me entertainment comes before crass commercialism. In fact, after reading Helen V. Wesson's neatly printed magazine in which she commented on selling advertising space, and copies, I am wondering more about doing this. Helen Wesson takes the logical viewpoint that an amateur does not do what he is doing in return for monetary recompense of even the mildest sort. She believes that an amateur publication ceases to be an amateur publication the moment it sells an inch of space for advertising, or sells subscriptions. If this is the case, there aren't many true amateur magazines in the field. And a fan magazine must be an amateur magazine to fit the need. If it becomes a commercial affair, then it is in the same class with the big commercial magazines that are sold on the newsstands. However, a point to be considered which she does not and that is that there are many amateur publishers who are short of cash and who must try to make their magazine pay for itself to as great an extent as possible. Evidently Helen Wesson has no such fears. Neither has the publisher of LIGHT. So this brings up the point: should fanzines be divided into two classes? Those that are true amateur magazines, selling no subscriptions and selling no advertising space? And those that do either one or the other or both?

The editor of LIGHT wishes to point out to all youse guys and gals that the MAIL BOX is YOUR department, and if you don't write letters then your editor hasn't much to pick from for publication.

In letters in the past the prospect of serials has been discussed with correspondents. It was promised that while LIGHT remained on a quarterly basis, serials would not be run as that would mean too great an elapse of time between instalments with the consequent dying away of interest and lost of the thread of the story. However, now that LIGHT is bi-monthly, it is considered that two-month intervals between instalments is not out of the question. One correspondent, in fact, said in a recent letter, that he had oftened wondered why some long stories hadn't been serialized, as he considered it better this way than to have almost an entire issue taken up with the one tale. As a result, in the March issue will see the beginning of a serial, as yet unchosen. There are several in the files here to pick from. It will require a little thought to pick the one which is the most logical choice for this.

The first 6 chapters of the longest fan story yet done by Leslie A. Crouch are completed. This writing for a fan publication is somewhat different than for a pro from the mechanics of the art. For one thing, it has been found that short chapters are better than long, giving an impression of length and conciseness. No name has been decided on for this story, and neither has it been classified. It should see serialization sometime during 1946, however.

The colored front to this issue marks a departure from the usual mono-color editions. It has been a long time since LIGHT had any color stock on hand. This usage of a different color for the cover will likely become standard procedure. Those of you who fear this may mean a start of rainbow issues can rest assured. LIGHT has no intention of using colored stock for the inside pages of type material as some of the U.S publications insist on doing. It is admitted the result is pretty, but LIGHT wants legibility and eye ease, not pretiness. Color stock may be used for inserts of pictures only, or for such supplements.

S W E E T S U E

by

Leslie A. Croutch

Dirty Dick Dewitt sat at his battle-scarred desk, marred by the many successful bouts with various members of the finance company tribe, feet cocked up, picking his teeth with a nicotine-stained finger nail.

A knock at the door disturbed his contemplations on the vagaries of life. With a comfortable belch he lowered his number elevens, cocked his bowler at a more gentlemanly angle, low down over one eye, and barked an invitation to enter.

A strange trio entered and glanced about with awe. The males clad in jaundiced sweaters and a girl in just a tight pullover, slacks and mules. Dirty Dick's eye lit up appreciatively and hurriedly offered the lass a chair.

"What can I do you jorks- or- what can I do for you gentlemen?" Dewitt opened the conversation with.

"We are being sued," yodolled a basso, a contralto and a treble that changed in mid-scale.

"Who's the sower?" asked Dewitt. "Gotta have all the information, y'know." And he lowered his uncovered eye at the prospect of cheesecake.

"We are being sued by one Boll Weevil," warbled a skinny li'l runt who rested his nose on the edge of Dirty Dick's desk.

"What are you being sued for?" Dirty Dick asked. "You don't look like you got any money?"

The lady quoth: "Boll Weevil thinks we have twenty-five thousand."

"Oh? Well, you should be able to dig up two-hundred and fifty dollars."

"No, not cents, dollars. He wants twenty-five thousand dollars out of us."

Dirty Dick batted his eyes. Missing, he batted them again, and this time scored a homer. Ah hah, he thought. If these dopes are worth to somebody then they are worth that to me.

"What are you being sued for?"

"Well," piped up the lass. "He says we accused him of paternalism."

Dirty Dick made a hasty dive for his Webster. Finding it meant to be fatherly or something, he said, "Oh, and was he?"

"Certainly he was," yelped Nose On The Desk," he kept insisting on holding her on his knee."

The lass grinned and hiked her skirt up an inch. Dirty Dick dropped his pen and immediately got down on all fours to search for it.

"There was nothin' paternal about that!" Snapped the big lug.

Dirty Dick raised his eyes and got the toe of her shoe in one. Dabbing it, he got back to his chair in a hurry.

"And what else does he say you said about him?"

"Oh, he said we defamed his character--"

"But he hasn't got any--"

"And he says we libelled him."

"Oh, you libelled him?" Dirty Dick scribbled. "What did you libel him? 'Father Boll Weevil'? That's a joke..."

They held their noses.

"And what do you want me to do about this?"

"We want to sue Weevil."

"What do you want to sue him for?"

"For all he's got!"

"I mean, what charges will you sue him on? What excuse- or- what grounds?"

"Oh-" the three looked at each other. "Well- we don't exactly know- we just want to sue him-" brightly.

"Can't do that- got to have grounds for suit, you know. Have you got grounds--"

"Oh dear," cried the lass, "I just remember, I left the coffee grounds in the pot, we left in such a hurry."

"How about rape?" Suggested Dewitt. "Rape's always good for a few thousand."

eyes moist and luminous in the pressing gloom. The Priest proclaimed her holy and fit for her God, and with a cry drove the sacrificial knife deep into her breast. As she fell he grasped her and with a loud voice called on his God to accept the clean heart of his sacrifice and cut the heart from the trembling body of the maiden, offering on high to the God Chac Mool, calling on him to accept and be pleased for his offering.

The heavens opened and a flame shot down on Tak Menon outlining the group of worshipping with a blinding brilliance. With cowering hearts the Mayans saw the craggy but kindly features of their God appear in the flame, and they listened to his words.

"My children," he whispered, "why do you take the lives of those you love. Do you not understand your Gods do not ask that you make supreme sacrifices for your wishes. My heart bleeds that you should go so far to gain my favor. Believe in me and your wishes will be granted, but doubt me and you shall feel my wrath!"

Turning to the still body of the maiden whose heart had been torn from her body, he said in soft compassionate tones, "Arise my daughter, and come with me. For your courage and complete faith you have earned a place by my side where you shall know eternal joy and happiness"

The maiden rose, and stopping to the side of her God, she faced the throng with glowing eyes with him.

"I shall have no more of this," said Chac Mool in a saddened voice. "Believe in me with undaunted courage and faith and I shall serve you. I shall cover Tak Menon with the earth, making it fertile with my tears causing flowers and trees to grow in all their beautiful luxuriance covering the final resting place of my children, who offered their lives to me in order that you might be granted your wishes and enjoy my pleasures. No more shall you worship me in this manner. Never again will you approach Tak Menon with your loved ones. Believe in me, and be happy."

With these words, he and the maiden faded from sight, the brilliant flame of lightning turning into a myriad of colors and finally fading away to the accompaniment of whispering melodies that awed and inspired the Mayans.

As they watched, Tak Menon crumbled, the earth covered it and hid it from their

view. Then the rain fell, softly, whisperingly. Trees and flowers sprang up in a variety of colors and a wealth of luxuriance, until there was nothing left but a mound of colors that flashed with all the beautiful brilliance of the tropical fauna.

The rain stopped, the cloud cleared, and the sun sent down its life-giving rays in gentle waves. The fields of the Mayans became rich and plentiful, and a gladness was born in their hearts.

Raising their eyes to the heavens above, they offered silent prayers to Him who had given them all...He who wanted life and love, not death and fear...Chac Mool, God of Thunder, Lightning and Rain, God and Plenty, God of Love, God of All...

God Himself!

The End

~~~~~  
The New

LIGHT MAIL BOX

(where the readers insult the editor)

~~~~~  
September 17, 1945.

Hi Les;---

Just got LIGHT today and will not delay in answering. I CERTAINLY will be glad to help in any way I can if you send me LIGHT. It is O.K. you bet...your arrangement is VERY good. Positively KEEP the heading of the second page. It is different. WHO took up the MAPLE LEAF. Isn't that symbolic of CANADA? Yes, those headings look nice on columns especially.

Jessie E. Walker has the right idea. BUT why couldn't TWO languages be taught in schools? No nation wants to lose its mother tongue, but could learn a UNIVERSAL language easily. If schools and the Press really went to work on it, 10 years would do the trick.

Story by Fred Hurter was fine and more, please, of "In the Realm of Books". I think most of us like book reports, as we all can't read EVERYTHING.

K. Martin Carlson.

((I thought up the maple leaf idea, which is symbolic of Canada, as the eagle is of your country, and Albert A. Betts, another Canadian fan, did the drawing from which this is traced. Anent the language--would you like to see a dollar bill with your own language on it and also a foreign one? - Editor)) (Cont'd page 10)

an autobiography by Virginia Anderson

N A N E K

poetess and authoress

First, let us take what I am like, that is always so much pleasanter to start out with....

I have always dallied with the idea of learning to play the guitar, my favorite music being the overture from William Tell.

I like to eat....milk, chicken gizzards, lettuce, green beans, tomatoes, cucumbers and ice cream and candy....all sorts of fruits.

I am fond of horses, dogs and cats, once owned a white rabbit whom I named after J. Edgar Hoover; I had two, the other was Franklin Roosevelt, but he died.

I like getting letters, sleeping, storms, walking, the murine sigantures of Hennes Bok, fall after the leaves are off the trees, listening to the radio. I like to draw and write, both poetry and prose. I sell the poetry but no one apparently wants the prose, so willy nilly, I am a poet. But most of all I like to read the writing of someone else....saves so much wear and tear making up stories to read.

My favorite stf authors would fill a book, but to name a few....Norvell W. Page, Hennes Bok, Isaac Asimov, Cocil Corwin, alias Walter B. Davies, alias S. D. Gottesman (Cyril Kornbluth) and H. G. Wells. Outside of stf it's Leslie Charteris and his delightfully naughty Saint stories. Poetically speaking there are only Omar Khyaam, Walt Whitman and A. E. Houseman, for the simple reason that I don't go by author but by "do I like it". I'm not overly crazy about my own stuff because I don't know one darn thing about construction and know it.

My favorite editors, professionals, are Mary Gnaddinger of FEM and Rogers Terrill of SPIDER and Ace-G-Man, both of whom work for Popular Pubs and buy my stuff, mainly, I have the horrible suspicion, to get rid of me.

I love movies, and my favorites in that field are Veda Ann Borg and Victor Jory.

My favorite fan is....ah, ah, no fair telling....Widner, Croutch and Laney tie for stf editors. I collect information into scrapbooks....movie stars, my own printed work, India and criminology....pictures of fans and info about them, file all my fan letters in order for posterity.

Oh yes, I like a lot of things, but most of all I like my brand new husband.

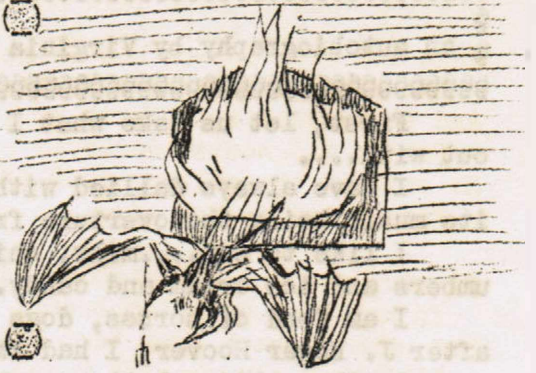
I hate having to play cards, dislike noisy parties, vulgarity, pork, ignorant people who know all about it, people who rush out and buy everything they can lay their hands on, just because it is going to be harder to get....people who grouse about the war, we're in it so why holler? fans who feud, the miss giddy-gaddy, bit or miss attitude in fandom, Vomaidens who have been traced and palmed off as originals, fooling nobody (even I am not that lazy) and staying up late.

As for me, I'm twenty-two years old, marriedname, Mrs. Carl W. K. Anderson; height five feet five inches, brown hair and eyes, the latter myopic, although I practically refuse to wear glasses, and can you blame me when my husband says I look like Rita Hayworth without them....love is grand, and I may be blind but hubby's in love....so we run around playing seeing eye for each other. I am by nature an introvert, yet talk too much with people who interest me and about subjects I like. My fondest dream is to start in on a library of records of the voices of all the fans and authors and artists in stf....and to do so a speaking library of my own poetry, as well as all other stuff that interests me. (My poetry is stuff, so is all the rest, I'm not being petty....which reminds me....figure, unpetty, but pretty....you know, sweater girl stuff.)

Interested in Criminology, F. B. I. Once planned on being a typist for same and had applied when the "Eternal Lover" came along: detectives, police, etal, and India, the punjab and Sikhs in particular....hence....

DETAIL

W. Robert Gibson

(illustrations by
the author)

IV

I

The Lord on Heaven's rampart paused
And called an archangel.
"Perhaps there'll be some trouble caused-
The Devil's out of Hell.
He's got a bit above himself
And skipped from the reserve-
Detail someone to serve him well
With what he will deserve."

II

The archangel a seraph called,
Asked, "Have we any names
Down for fatigues; or anyone
Who wants to play rough games?"
The seraph said, "No one's been rough,
And no one's been disgraced,
But Leslie Crutch, though fairly tough,
Is spreading at the waist."

III



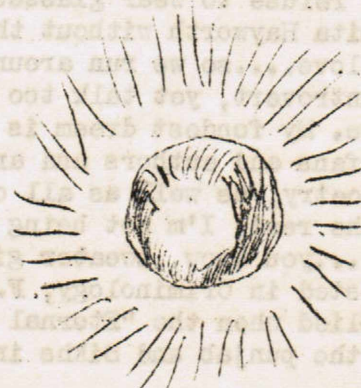
Word came to Los at work on LIGHT.
He spoke a phrase unheavenly;
But whether it was wrong or right
He said, "I guess it had to be."
He girded up his ample loins
And waved his pinions wide;
Till papers blow from the Hamilton
To whirl on Every side.



Said he, "I'm far behind with LIGHT,
But the schedule it must wait.
If Satan's out he'll get a fight-
Though- dammit- LIGHT is late!"
He girded on his flaming sword
And climbed the ramparts tall;
Then plunged down through the stormy horde
Swifter than Shadows fall.



V



Swifter than shadows fall he flew
To the world that gave him birth-
When Old Nick leaves his stamping ground
His first objective's Earth.
And he ~~was~~ near Earth now, Les knew
For in the Heavyside Layer
He sniffed the sulphur-rook that blow
From Satan in the air.

VI

Croutch coughed and sighed, "I've often heard
In hell they give 'em boans.
But when I catch that barh-tailed bird
I'll show him what it means.
I'll got that barb for a souvenir,
With as much tail as I may.
To beat Azrael's record length
Would be something that ain't hay."

VII

He spied the bat-winged shape afar
Plunged in auroral glow.
He grinned and thought, "This will be war,"
And winged his way below.
Auld Reckie felt a radiance,
And snarled and tried to go
With greater speed- no dalliance
Was safe. He was too slow.

VIII



He turned, and recognized the one
Who swift approached him now.
"Whym Les!" he said, "Son of a gun!
I'm glad we met- and how!
We haven't met since Pluto was
A pup, and you'll allow
We'll have to got together, 'cause
We've lots to talk of now."

IX

"I haven't time to talk," Les said.
"Right now I'm late with LIGHT."
"I'll write a piece will knock 'em dead,"
Nick answered. "You sit tight.
There's not so much rush, after all.
Dow there the lights are bright.
I know where all the hot spots are;
Let's paint the planet red."

Then Leslie whipped his robe around



To have his sword arm clear.
"I'd twist your tail in Parry Sound-
I'll amputate it here!"
The Devil snarled again and jabbed
His pitchfork like a spear.
Les whirled his flaming sword and stabbed.
The Devil lost an ear.

XI



The Foul Fiend lunged again, and Les
Felt wing feathers tear loose.
Auld Reckie's voice was like a hiss-
"I'll pluck you like a goose!"
Les growled and swung the sword again,
He wasn't going to lose.
The Devil ducked, but lost a horn,
And got a nasty bruise.

XII

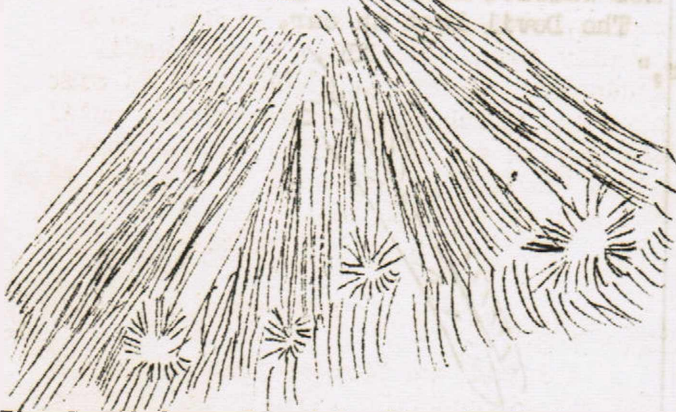


In rage he belched out deadly smoke
 And breathed forth blasts of flame,
 But Leslie didn't even choke
 As through the murk he came.
 He slashed- and molten devil's-blood
 Sprayed out like fiery rain.
 (Astronomers who saw it spoke
 Of "Meteors- again.")

XIII

"Why don't you scorch?" The Demon howled.
 And mightily dismayed
 He spouted flame and smoke, and scowled
 As Los his answer made:
 "What do you think our helios are?
 Something to be displayed?
 They radiate foren-barriers
 When chemicals are sprayed."

XIV



The Devil lunged and Leslie slashed-
 Flight feathers flow, a wob bleeding;
 So that when once again they clashed
 Both were unsteady on the wing.
 But still with fury higher lashed
 Their forces each at each did fling,
 And sword on pitchfork handle crashed
 To make the weapons wildly ring.

XV

The pitchfork caught in Crutch's robe;
 The flaming sword went "ziinnng!"
 It barely shaved the Devil's rump-
 Left him a tailless thing.
 He windily clutched the blazing stump
 And raised an anguished "yell."
 "Now- get to Hades! On the jump!"
 The Devil hit for Hell.

XVI

Los held his grisly trophy high-
 "It's a meter if an inch....
 Since Azral's piece is not a yard
 The record is a cinch.
 That Nick regrows his horn is known,
 And tail, complete with barb.
 If he breaks bounds when they are grown
 We'll have another job."



XVII

When Los was distributing LIGHT,
 The archangel saw him.
 "Say, Crutch, for all your exercise
 You didn't seem to slim."
 Said Leslie, "When the fight was done
 I had a hungry fool,
 So I dropped in at Parry Sound
 And ate a whopping meal."

XVIII

This epic is of future times-
 Can't be dated exactly.
 While Los retains his earthly form,
 And moves about intactly.
 But on some distant, future day
 He'll have passed his inspection,
 And will be hunting devil's tails
 To add to his collection.

===== 30 =====

Continued from page 6

MAIL BOX

November 16, 1945.

Dear Los;

Sure was good to see two issues of
 the old mag so close together. The new
 policy is a great step forward in my op-
 inion. The all-gal issue only fair. Of
 the contributors, Nanek stood out easily
 with "Suarra". I always have enjoyed her
 verse on Merritt subjects. The readers c
 column in this issue was one of the best
 in a long time. Come to think of it- the
 reader's column has always had a certain
 raciness and zip most enjoyable.

(11)

In the last issue, "In the Realm of Rocks" is a most welcome innovation. So is Bob Gibson's Book List.

Harry Jenkins was a nice effort, and of course I enjoyed Bloch's letter. The new appearance of the mag is quite nifty.

Harold Wakofield.

((Thank you for them kind words, partner. And how do you like the new method for giving the editorial comment on the letters? At the end instead of through it? - Editor.))

November 12, 1945.

Dear Les:

The "Stroke of Twelve" was just about the average type of story that I expect to find in a fanzine; perhaps a little above the average. In a story of this kind, I always feel that briefness is a great asset, this in all seriousness. Any short story makes no pretense at character portrayal, rather it centers on some situation or incident that should be brought to its climax in the shortest space of time that the development of the required atmosphere will permit. Very often some little "plot twist" is worked into one of these little shorts. While the story in question undoubtedly presented a situation, I felt that too much time was taken to arrive at the logical conclusion, i.e. - the death of the murderer. Of course, it must be remembered in all this, that the authors are not professionals; but I feel that with proper criticism they can in most cases, improve their style appreciably.

"Confession" struck me as being somewhat over-ripe. Those interesting pieces about "my lover's dull white body" and the description of how "I drank her blood with slaverling fangs" brrrr! After all, old boy, the liquor ration isn't that low.

"Suarra" probably had a point too, but what with the "winged serpents" and the "mold" and the "taunting gage", I couldn't quite seem to dig it out.

After the preceding two, I found "Rockets for Atlantis" a welcome relief. Those old bits of fiction predicting future achievements are always interesting when compared to present day advances. I myself, wouldn't mind seeing a couple more of the same.

"Haunted House" I rather liked for the picture it gave. The metre and rhyme was rather crude, but were forgivable in

this case. The "poetry" on page five. Wow, what realism. I could almost smell the ripe fish.

Again Mrs. Walker comes through. I rather liked her little piece here too. "English etc". was ~~am~~ amusing if nothing else.

"Evaporation" though it did present and idea, (cooling through said evap.) was rather far fetched, and lacked real interest.

"Nostalgia" by Bob Bloch gave me a faint snicker. It was almost as humorous as his (Bloch's) last three letters to your mag.

The book review is a neat idea. Old stuff of course, but still fine if it's handled properly. The trouble with these reviews though, is, they bounce along merrily for a couple of issues until suddenly a strange dehydration in size sets in, which rapidly progresses until the review is little more than a book list. Usually it is about this point that the review disappears.

Jack Sloan.

September 19, 1945.

Dear Les-

I liked the Dorothy Watson story- and think you should print more of 'em; likewise for Pete, that ogreish vampire! "Jules de Grandin" of fanzines for Dorothy, huh? Ambitious guy! Still, J. de G. sometimes bored me; Miss W. and her friend hardly did that!

I think your policy of publishing a mag strictly for entertainment is just right. Too many fanzines that I see stick too much fan activities & gossip in them. Also, they get embroiled in stories of too serious a nature. They should strive more for entertainment; I got a kick out of Joe Kennedy's "Vampire". It's zany & screw-loose, & admittedly so. No pretensions on Joe's part. And I like LIGHT for the same reason- you are not trying to put on an act or say you have a literary masterpiece. Your object is to entertain!

T/5 Ben Indick.

((Thank you, Ben, for them kind words. LIGHT won't get exactly "screw-loose". F. Lee Baldwin, one of the readers, said LIGHT was better as there was not so much unnecessary horse-play in it. - Editor.))

NOT ENOUGH LETTERS TO PICK FROM. SHAKE A LAIG NOW AND GET YOUR PENS IN HAND!

*

IN THE REALM OF BOOKS

*

Type- Future War. Authors- McIlraith & Connolly.

Title- "Invasion From The Air".

Published by- Grayson. 320 pages. (First 36 pages missing in review copy).

Synopsis- Eleven days of World War 2 counted before they were hatched.

Reviewed by- Cnr. Gibson, W. R., & Sgt. Lamb, N. V.

REVIEW- An "If" of history- a revue of the future by a pair of pessimists who have a touching faith in the efficiency of air-borne explosives, an even stronger belief in the efficiency of poison gases and none whatsoever in the stability of humanity.

With this psychological background, the authors follow the adventures of a journalist, an armament salesman and his wife, a gangster, a politician- the leader of the Nazisti, combining the Nazis and the Fascists with a British slant- and the wife of a Cabinet Minister.

Britain and France are allied against Germany and Italy; with Labor uniting to prevent the country from engaging in the war and the Nazisti Greyshirts planning to take over the country.

London is raided without warning- explosives, incendiaries and gas starts a panic that does more damage than the weapons themselves. A state of chaos nearly overwhelms the city and an exodus (based on Wells' "War of the Worlds") begins. Next day- another raid- the seat of government is removed to Gloucester. The Nazistis assist the police and army. The gangster organizes crime under the cover of air raids. The Committees for Action of militant Labor release their Secretary from a prison van and sabotage transport. Wharfedale, leader of the Nazisti, threatens to withdraw his support and is given command of the police, transport, and food supply for London.

Industrial Britain is shattered in a raid (!). Meanwhile, Germany and Italy are hammering France and the R. A. F. and French Air Force are retaliating efficiently German and Italian cities. The exodus from London is destroying the countryside. Civil War arises between Nazisti and Labor. In Continental Europe similar occurrences or worse have begun. All four countries totter- on the verge of breakdown.

At the suggestion of the American Consuls all send representatives to Portugal and not one government retains strength to speak for its country.

Thell-day War had destroyed four nations- uprooted four peoples and accomplished nothing but anarchy. The psychological effects of the air raids form a remarkable contrast to the actual results of far heavier raids (minus gas) which are now history.

() ----- ()
() BOB GIBSON'S BOOK LIST ()
() ----- ()

William Westall: "A Queer Race".

H. G. Wells: "The Anatomy of Frustration" (NF), "A Modern Utopia", "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham", "Mr. Blottworthy on Rampole Island", "The Sea Lady", "The Holy Terror", "The Food of the Gods", "The Wonderful Visit" (F), "The Island of Dr. Moreau", "The War in the Air", "Things To Come", "Star Bogotten", "The Invisible Man", "The Dream", "The Time Machine", "Men Like Gods", "In The Days of the Comet", "The Shape of Things to Come", "The Country of the Blind, etc", "The World Set Free".

Sidney Watson: "Scarlet and Purple" (F).

Laurence Edward Watkin: "On Borrowed

Time" (F).

Stanley Waterlog: "The Story of Ab".

Sandys Wason: "Palafox" (F).

Norman Walker: "Loona: A Strange Tail" (F).

H. R. Wakefield: "Imagine a Man in a Box"

SHérard Vinos: "Return, Belphegor!" (F).

Ther vonHarbou: "Metropolis", "The Girl in the Moon".

E. Charles Vivian: "People of the Darkness", "Fields of Sleep", "City of Wonder".

George S. Viorock & Paul Eldridge: "Prince Pax".

Jules Verne: "The Purchase of the North Pole", "Dr. Ox's Experiment", "Chase of the Golden Meteor", "The Floating Island", "The Clipper of the Clouds", "The Secret of the Island", "Hector Servodac (Off on a Comet)", "Journey to the Centre of the Earth".